

RUTLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Quarterly



The *Quarterly* of the Rutland Historical Society is published by the Society for the communities comprising the original town of Rutland as chartered in 1761 by Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire.

Editor, this issue:—Dr. James J. Cullina. Staff: George J. Covalt, James S. Davidson, F. P. Elwert, Jon Mayo.

The Rutland Historical Society, Inc.

Membership in the Society is open to all. Dues, payable annually, are: Regular membership—\$2.00; Contributing membership—\$10.00.

The Museum of the Society is at 101 Center Street, Rutland and is open Saturday and Sunday from 2:00 to 5:00.

Notes

The editor acknowledges with thanks the following for their efforts without which this issue would not have been possible: the contributors—Dr. Rose, Dr. Bandel and Mr. Eschholz; Mr. Ned Perrin, head of the English Department, Dartmouth College; Mr. Robert Gilmore Steele, great-grandson of JCRD; Mr. James Bryan Dorr, grandson of JCRD; Mr. Robert Buckeye, curator of the Abernethy Library at Middlebury College; and Mrs. Florence Boyce of the Fortnightly.

As we go to press an exhibit pertaining to the life and career of Julia C. R. Dorr and her literary kinfolk will already be on display at the Museum, through August 11. We are confident this exhibit will spark other exhibits during 1975, the year of the 150th anniversary of JCRD's birth. The Society will be happy to co-operate with other groups in commemorating this occasion.

Because of the additional number of pages in this issue the price of extra copies is \$1.00 and may be obtained at the Museum.

Recent Acquisitions

We acknowledge gratefully the following Julia Dorr items: from James B. Dorr *Some Branches of the Dorr Family* and a print of Dorr Bridge taken by William Ripley Dorr, Jr. in 1904 and printed by him in 1945; from Robert G. Steele *A Yankee Pedigree* and copies of a dozen letters of his great-grandmother and the loan of many drawings by his father, Frederic Dorr Steele.

From the Charles E. Tuttle Co. the book *Periwinkle*, the combined effort of Mrs. Dorr and her daughter Zulma DeLacy Steele; copies of JCRD's bookplate; a rare wall calendar, *The Maples*.



Our cover — a rare profile of Mrs. Dorr from a photograph taken during her prime. The background is the first page of a manuscript "Personal Memoranda", loaned by Robert G. Steele and used with permission.

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR (1825-1913)

James J. Cullina

When Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr died on January 18, 1913 at her Rutland home, "The Maples," the *Rutland Herald* editorialized:

What Mrs. Dorr's permanent place in the history of American literature may be is not to be discussed at a time like the present. If it depends upon the beauty and merit of her work and its appeal to human sympathies, it will be a large one.

Though not born on Vermont soil, (Charleston, South Carolina merits that distinction), Julia Dorr spent her creative years under the beneficent influence of its beauties and traditions.

Motherless at eighteen months, the future authoress was cared for by a Mrs. Hastings Warren of Middlebury during the ensuing two years until her father, having moved his business to New York City, sent for her. Two years later, in 1830, he returned to his native state, bought a farm near Middlebury village, and married Jane Warren of that town.

Julia's early education was a mixture of parental tutelage and boarding schools. She spent many hours in her father's well-stocked library, writing poetry (which she hid in sundry places to avoid detection).

At 22 she married Seneca M. Dorr, who later became a well-known political figure, first as representative of Rutland in the legislature, and later as Senator from Rutland County. Originally intending to "stop-over" in Rutland on the way westward, they decided to remain, and built "The Maples," Julia Dorr's home until she died. It was there that her public literary career began.

Accounts differ as to the exact details which lead to her appearance in print for the first time. What is certain was that at 24 one of her poems was accepted by *The Union Magazine*, for which she was paid the sum of \$5. Her first real recognition came, however, when a story she submitted in competition was published. (Edward Everett Hale and James Russell Lowell were also among the ten prize winners).

Though hailed as a promising novelist, (for *Farmingdale*, *Sybil Huntington*, *Expiation*, and *Bride and Bridgeroom*,) Mrs. Dorr's fame seems to rest as a poet. Later, after her husband's death, she travelled extensively, and penned such well-known travelogues as *Flowers of England's Face*, and *A Cathedral Pilgrimage*.

Recognition and lifetime friendships came her way as witnessed by praise and correspondence with such noted literary figures as Emerson, William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, William Dean Howells, and another Vermont writer, Rowland E. Robinson. (For an account of her friendship with the latter see Paul Eschholtz' article in this issue).

Julia Dorr seems to have been one of those rare individuals who caught and held the Muse during the span of her career. In 1900, at the age of seventy-five, she published *Afterglow*, a collection of her poetry, followed in 1909 by *Beyond the Sunset*. In the summer of 1912, only a few days before her final illness began, she finished a sonnet, a charge to youth.

It is with pleasure that we bring to our readers this tribute to one of Rutland's foremost citizens.

JULIA C. R. DORR AND ROWLAND E. ROBINSON:
A VERMONT LITERARY FRIENDSHIP

Paul A. Eschholz

In surveying the Vermont literary scene during the closing decades of the nineteenth century, two names, those of Julia C. R. Dorr and Rowland E. Robinson, stand out from among the rest. Although contemporaries and separated by less than fifty miles for most of their lives, Dorr in Rutland and Robinson in Ferrisburg, these two Vermonsters curiously remained strangers until sometime late in December of 1895. Mrs. Dorr, it appears, heard from Captain Burnham early in December that the Robinsons planned to visit Rutland later that month. Wanting to meet the creator of the memorable Antoine, Sam Lovel, Gran'ther Hill, and Uncle 'Lisha, she immediately invited the author and his wife to visit "The Maples" while in Rutland. Her letter, dated December 5, 1895, reads, in part, as follows:

. . . I sincerely hope I may have the honor of clasping your hand. . . . You have no greater admirers, and no more sympathetic readers in all this broad land than we of the Maples. We rejoice in your growing fame, and in the magic touch that makes the past live so vividly [in your work]. . . . We are proud that you are one of us.¹

Mrs. Dorr, an acknowledged literary critic, was obviously impressed by his inimitable treatment of Vermont character types and materials and by his growing reputation as an author. On December 7, 1895, Robinson, in his characteristically modest manner, responded to the versatile and prolific Mrs. Dorr: "I feel myself greatly honored that you should care to meet me, whose work is so trivial as compared to yours."² These two formal, rather brief letters mark the beginning of what was to become a warm, intimate, albeit too short, friendship.

Shortly after their first meeting, they initiated the practice of exchanging autographed copies of their books. Julia Dorr, in fact, continued to send her books to Robinson's wife after his death. The two authors were thus able to follow each other's career closely, to share triumphs as well as disappointments, and to offer each other that sympathetic encouragement so needed by the creative artist. Their books seem to have cemented their friendship, and provided the real link or bond between these two literary figures. On January 10, 1896, the blind Rowland Robinson wrote an appreciative letter concerning Dorr's *The Flower of England's Face*:

The faithful pair of eyes that have to do the reading for two people did not get to "The Flower of England's Face" as soon as we both desired, but now I must thank you for the delightful glimpse it has given me of the country that of all others, after my own, I always long most to see. It was one of the dreams of my youth and middle age to visit England and go through it on foot by byways and highways but the time never came, and now never can. Yet it is almost as good as seeing it [illegible words] perhaps it is better, for it is likely you saw more than I could have seen. My wife thanks you as heartily as I do . . .³

Just as Robinson had brought New England, especially Vermont, alive for his readership, Julia Dorr acted as Robinson's guide through England. Curiously, several months later, in a letter dated March 8, 1896, Dorr expressed a similar indebtedness to Robinson. ". . . How wonderfully you interpret our 'New England Fields and Woods.' Well as I know and love them, I shall know and love them better now with you as my guide."⁴



From Kimball's Vermont . . .

On December 30, 1899, just ten months before his death, Robinson wrote what could be his last letter to Julia Dorr. The candor, unpretentious humor, and intimate tone of the letter accurately reflect the nature of their friendship: I, therefore, quote the letter in its entirety.

Dear and Honored Friend,

Your generous praise of my little book [*In the Greenwood*, Burlington, 1899] is truly a surprise to me for when my wife read the story to me continuously it seemed so crude and so awkwardly contrived that I was quite disgusted with it and wished it had never seen the light in the pages of a book. But since so competent a critic as yourself and a few others whose opinion I value speak well of it I am in a better humor with [it]. I like better a rather larger book that Houghton Mifflin are putting out under the title of "A Danvis Pioneer", enlarged from its several publications in *Forest and Stream* as "In Pioneer Days" but very likely it is no good at all. It tells of Gran'ther Hill's early experiences, of whom perhaps readers have already had enough. It has been almost the dream of my life to write such a story of early Vermont life as you suggest but I have no gift of invention of plots. So I guess I shall continue to dream until dreaming is ended. Why do you not do it? Surely your long "In Kings' Houses" proves you perfectly equipped in every respect. How I wish you would do it.

I am very proud and thankful that you think me worthy to be numbered among your friends, and that you remember with pleasure your visit to us. To me it was a benediction, and as such the memory of it will always abide with me.

The added words of your critic are absurdly funny as applied to you, but in my case it would not strike me so, for these literary folks who know of me only as a farmer and the son of a farmer would very naturally think of me as a clodhopper without means of acquiring a style. In fact, a good lady writing to my sister in commendation of a long-ago magazine article added these words "But where did he get his style?" I would give more than I can afford to solve the mystery of editorial freaks and the vogue of certain writers and their books. Why do some [illegible words] go begging with [illegible words] while others no better are begged for? It quite beats me that a book like David

Harum with nothing in particular to commend it, not boomed [illegible words] and by an unknown writer could even [illegible words] sale. But sometime someone will [illegible words] explain, as doubtless someone can.

I played a good joke on myself the other day in sending again to the Atlantic a story rejected by Mr. Page, but which I hoped the new editor might accept. Back it came however, with a polite note signed with Mr. Page's initials! Since then we have learned that Mr. Page is the literary advisor of the magazine. So there is no hope for me in that quarter.

All the blessings that you wish me for the New Year and more I wish you. Sometimes when tormented with pain and considering the small chance of any lasting improvement, I think the greatest blessing that could come to me would be the final blissful rest and peace—and then I think of the work undone. I wish to stay and finish it, though it may be of little consequence to anyone but myself. For the past fortnight I have been more comfortable though obliged to keep [to] my bed most of the time. I trust you are in good health—My wife and daughters join me in love to you

Sincerely your friend,
Rowland E. Robinson⁵

Neither writer ever wrote the story of early Vermont life they had talked about; Robinson, however, at the time of his death had published the excellent one-volume history *Vermont: A Study of Independence* and had completed the yet unpublished "Life of Ethan Allen."

There is no evidence that Robinson ever returned to "The Maples" after his December, 1895 visit. Mrs. Dorr did visit Rokeby, the Robinson family homestead, twice, once in October, 1899, and again in October, 1900, several days after Robinson's death.⁶ Three months after this last visit, Mrs. Dorr's very moving, appreciative essay "Rowland Robinson" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the journal which had introduced Robinson to the world. This essay is a fitting memorial to their Vermont literary friendship.

NOTES

¹The Dorr letter is in the Rowland E. Robinson Collection at Rokeby, Ferrisburg, Vermont. It is printed by permission of the Board of Directors of the Rowland E. Robinson Memorial Association.

²The Robinson letter is in the Abernethy Library of American Literature (C-9, Box 2), Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont; printed by permission.

³The Abernethy Library of American Literature; printed by permission.

⁴The Rowland E. Robinson Collection; printed by permission.

⁵The Abernethy Library of American Literature; printed by permission.

⁶Julia C. R. Dorr, "Rowland Robinson," *Atlantic Monthly*, 87 (January, 1901), pp. 117-122.

Julia C. R. Dorr

Letters of Julia C. R. Dorr at
Rokeby — The Robinson Family Homestead
Ferrisburg, Vermont

1. December 5, 1895. Letter from Julia C. R. Dorr "The Maples," Rutland, Vermont, to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. An invitation to visit "The Maples" while in Rutland on next trip and a note of praise concerning Robinson's work. "We are proud that you are one of us."
2. March 8, 1896. Letter from Julia C. R. Dorr "The Maples," Rutland, Vermont, to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. A thank you note for an autographed copy of *In New England Fields and Woods*—"I shall know and love them better now with you as my guide." Talks of sending a manuscript to her publisher—"It is an English story—historic and of the days of Queen Anne."
3. July 25, 1898. Letter from Julia C. R. Dorr "The Maples," Rutland, Vermont, to Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. A thank you note for an autographed copy of *A Hero of Ticonderoga*, that "racy and vigorous story." Talks of illness during the past winter.



Photo by Louis Brehmer, the gift of the Charles E. Tuttle Co.



If this painting by Benjamin Franklin Mason of the children of William Young Ripley is familiar it is because it was on the dust jacket of Thomas Emerson Ripley's *A Vermont Boyhood*. From left to right are: Agnes Warren (Parker), Julia Caroline (already at the time—about 1851—the wife of Seneca M. Dorr and the mother of Russell Ripley Dorr), Mary Jane (Fisher), Helen Jane (Myers), William Young Warren Ripley, Charles Henry Ripley and Edward Hastings Ripley.

Mrs. H. R. Dorr of Williamstown, Mass. once owned the original oil and the photographic copy reproduced above is owned by Mrs. Robert W. Mitchell. The present owner of the original painting is Mr. Warren Ripley, editor and military historian of Charleston, South Carolina, and is reproduced with his permission.

JULIA THE TRAVELLER

Betty Bandel

Julia C. R. Dorr shares with Royall Tyler the fate of the writer who expresses the peculiar interests and problems of his time in words that speak so clearly and persuasively to his contemporaries that he is forgotten by the next generation. Tyler in 1800 and Dorr in 1900 were among the best known and most popular writers of their day. A quarter of a century after they died people would have said "Royall who?" or "Julia who?" Today Tyler's reputation is being reborn, as people read him again and find out what a splendid picture he affords of his times. Dorr's revival has not yet come—but it will.

Known in her own day primarily as a poet, Julia Dorr may have made her most distinctive and lasting contribution as a writer of prose. Her three delicious travel books (*A Cathedral Pilgrimage*, 1896; *The Flower of England's Face*, 1895; *Bermuda, an Idyl of the the Summer Islands*, 1908) are as fine companions as one could ask, for a trip to England or Bermuda. She lived and moved in the last great age of Travellers—the age before affluence and democracy drove hordes of perspiring and apprehensive bus-loads of tourists into long lines that elect hamburgers rather than Mount Vernon, if the bus is about to leave. Julia, one of the favored few of her day who could afford to travel, consigned her luggage and other worldly cares to Bearers—and spent quite as much time as she liked at a given place, once she had unearthed some treasure of a town or a cathedral. The result is wonderfully perceptive appreciation of the places that she visited. She makes us want to visit all of them.

Julia Dorr's novel, *Sibyl Huntington* (1869), illustrates clearly how representative she was of her age. Were women like Charlotte Bronte writing of governesses? Then Sibyl would be a governess. Did most of the North—certainly in Vermont—feel sympathy for southern slaves? Then the black servant Violet would pine and die when her lover was "sold south" into deeper slavery than that which he had known on the plantation adjoining that of Violet's mistress. Did Victorians have a special sentimental fondness for illness and death in novels? Then Sibyl's sister Ruth must be ill—but could be allowed to recover and marry her true love. There is a Vermont touch in Sibyl's choice, for a husband, of a Northern gentleman over the Southern gentleman who seems to have no true WORK to do in the world.

The novel deserves respect and praise for its lifelike dialogue, its realistic presentation of the mind of a young girl going off to a Female Seminary and assessing every institution and person that she meets. The style is like that of Dorr's poetry—never silly, never sloppily sentimental, always perceptive. Dorothy Canfield Fisher spoke of Sarah Cleghorn's "discreet, restrained, sincere voice" (*Driftwood*, June 1927). She might have been speaking of Julia Dorr. One does not find in Julia Dorr's poetry, even in her once widely admired sonnets, the unforgettable figure of speech that is the mark of the great poet ("This is the way the world will end,/ Not with a bang but a whimper"); but one does find here, as in her sonnet, "Sleep," a simple, direct statement of truth. Sleep is a coquette, come to think of it.

When Rowland Robinson died in 1900, the *Atlantic Monthly* automatically turned to Julia Dorr as the well known Vermont writer who should prepare an essay of appreciation about her fellow author. When Dorr went to England, she had a letter of introduction to Lord Tennyson tucked away in her pocketbook (reticule?).¹ One day she will be rediscovered as, if not the equal of any of these renowned writers, a writer of substance who held the mirror up to a part of nature, and showed the age and body of the time some of its form and pressure.

¹She was turned away by a servant; Tennyson was not at home.

UNDERSTOOD JULIA

Ellen Cronan Rose

But as Dorothy Canfield Fisher knew, understanding depends on context. Julia Dorr the poet can be understood and her achievement appreciated only if she and they are properly placed. She is not, like so many recently revived American literary women, a spokesman for the unsung complexities of her sex's sensibilities, she who wrote of the pampered Maud and laboring Madge:

Love shall come to you both one day,
For still must be what aye hath been;
And under satin or russet gray
Hearts will open to let him in.

—"Maud and Madge," *Poems*, 1913

Her apple tree, "Elate with its own perfume," will never bear fruit her neighbor Frost would raise a ladder to. And under her pen, the Hymnal's common meter plods along, uninspired by the quirks of punctuation and rhythmic substitution with which Emily Dickinson fashioned from it a supple, subtle poetic form.

Neither feminist, naturalist, nor genius, Julia Dorr nonetheless achieves a certain stature within her proper context, which is literary. She numbered Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Stedman among her friends, and wrote poetic tributes to them all. Emerson, at least, returned the favor by including one of her poems in his 1874 anthology, *Parnassus*. She was an accomplished versifier, facile and graceful in handling a number of standard verse forms. She favored the tetrameter line, either in rhymed couplets or alternately rhymed in quatrains (the Hymnal's long meter), but she could turn out lilting ballads, competent blank verse, heroic couplets, and Pindaric odes. She commemorated Spenser in polished Spenserian stanzas, although she did not extend the compliment to Shakespeare, whom she hymned in strict Petrarchan measure.

Her sonnets are her most impressive achievement. The sonnet to Shakespeare is one of the few which does not vary from the Petrarchan model she followed, seldom slavishly. Although her octaves are regular, she varies the sestet frequently, always in order to trace the path of the poem's idea. Sometimes she rounds off with an epigrammatic couplet; at least once she puts the couplet at the beginning of the sestet, which has the effect of extending the octave and ending with a summary quatrain. And in two sonnets, "Mércedès" and "Today," she employs a rhyme scheme in the sestet (ababba) one scholar of prosody claims never existed before Santayana used it in 1894.

Dorr anticipated not only Santayana but, in her most interesting poem, the major poetic revolution of the twentieth century. The six triplets of "Moon-Pictures" (*Last Poems*, 1913) are variations not on a single theme, but a single image, six attempts to fix and render a scene. To the contemporary reader of poetry, raised on the possibility of looking at a blackbird in thirteen ways, there is nothing particularly remarkable about Dorr's pictures of the moon. But they were written before Imagism was a word, much less a common poetic practice.

Dorr's poem is remarkable not so much for the freshness of its images as for their operation. Unlike her earlier poems, unlike the poems of her fellow American Romantics, "Moon-Pictures" employs images not as ornamentation, but as what Pound was later to call speech. The thing perceived is the thing understood; to see the scene is to say what it means, and to say it over and over again is to say different things about what it is:

A slender crescent in the opal west,
Low-hung above a mountain's darkening crest—
A silent dream above a world at rest.

The bending curve of the horizon bar—
A silver boat moored high in depths afar,
Cradling in tender arms one lone bright star!

A broad street flooded with the silver flow
Of the white moonbeams on new-fallen snow,
While, overhead, cloud shapes swept to and fro;

The sequence of the poem is episodic, but it progresses through descriptive rather than narrative episodes. It tells no story. The "fair woman" of the final triplet is just another image, another way of depicting the effect of moonshine. Alone of Dorr's verses, "Moon-Pictures" arrests time. The moon is simultaneously, not successively, "the slender crescent" and "a great white harvest moon;" the earth it shines on is an impressionistic montage of city streets, fairy paths, real orchards, and rare gardens.

At the same time that Hulme and Pound were formulating the Imagist creed, but remote from them in her Rutland, Vermont home, Julia Dorr wrote an Imagist poem. Thus, once, she escaped her defining context and created her own. For this poem, if for no other she wrote, Julia Dorr demands recognition.

CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARD A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR

Frederic P. Elwert

I. MAJOR WORKS, as listed by Mrs. Dorr:¹

Farmingdale by Caroline Thomas (pseud.) NY 1854. *Scarce—several copies known to exist in the state. This, and the two following books, is a novel with local settings and contains much autobiographical material.*

Lanmere. NY 1856. *scarce.*

Sibyl Huntington. NY 1869.

Poems. Phila 1873.

Expiation. Phila. 1873. *a novel.*

Friar Anselmo and other Poems. NY 1879.

Daybreak. NY 1882. *An Easter poem printed on one side of paper, 14 leaves, paper covers. Only copy seen is at Middlebury College.*

Bermuda—an Idyll of the Summer Islands. NY 1884.

Afternoon Songs. NY 1885.

Poems—Complete Edition. NY 1892.

The Flower of England's Face. Bost. 1895. illustrated. Other editions are NY 1895 and Bost. 1899.

A Cathedral Pilgrimage. Bost. 1896. illustrated. Another: NY 1896.

In Kings' Houses: a Romance of the Days of Queen Anne. Bost. 1898.

Afterglow: Later Poems. NY 1900.

Beyond the Sunset; Latest Poems. NY 1909.

Last Poems. . . NY 1913.²

Bride and Bridgroom. . . Cin. 1873.²

¹From a list in an undated manuscript "Personal Memoranda" in the possession of Mr. Robert G. Steele, and used with permission.

²*Last Poems*, of course, was not listed by Mrs. Dorr since it was published after her list was compiled. *Bride and Bridgroom* is not on Mrs. Dorr's list for, as she states in her memoranda, ". . . a series of letters . . . written for a monthly journal were published in book-form, without . . . sanction, by a Western firm, under the inappropriate title of *Bride and Bridgercom*." Ironically, this is the only title still available—in micro-fiche—in a series of sociological works of the period.

II. SECONDARY WORKS: SEPARATE PRINTINGS AND EPHEMERA

- A Poem . . . delivered at Pioneer Celebration, Middlebury, July 4, 1866.
 Vermont: A Centennial Poem . . . Maplewood, Mass. 1877.
 Reformatory and Preventive Work in Vermont. Four page report in Proceedings of the *Eighth Annual Conference of Charities and Correction*, Bost. July 25-30, 1881.
 Some Informal Words for the "Fortnightly." Nov. 4, 1882. Rutland 1883.
 Annual Report of the Officers of the Rutland Free Library. 1887-1912 (?) Rutland, var. dates. *Contains reports of one or two pages by JCRD, its President and founder.*
 A Talk on Talking . . . Rutland 1888.
 Meg. In "The Woman's Story" edited by L. C. H. Langford. NY 1889.
 The Fallow Field . . . with illustrations by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Bost. 1893.
 Periwinkle . . . illus. by Mrs. Steele. Bost. 1894.
 The Maples 1899. Burl. (1898) *wall calendar with photos by L. Brehmer.*

UNDATED SECONDARY WORKS.

- Meeting of the Fortnightly in Memory of its President . . . (Tuttle).
 In Rock Creek Cemetery. *Two leaves with paper covers. A tribute to the Saint-Gaudens "Adams Memorial."*
 Original Hymn, Tune "Pleyel's Hymn." *broadside, 10 x 5 inches.*
 Three Songs. *Broadside on stiff paper, 4 x 7 inches.*
 WYR-A Book of Remembrance. 36 pp. *biographical account of her father, William Young Ripley.*
 When I Was a Schoolgirl. reprint from Harpers Bazar, October, 1912.
 Legend of the Baboushka—A Christmas Ballad. NY. paper covers.

III. MANUSCRIPTS AND UNPUBLISHED WORKS

1. ABERNETHY LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr Papers. C-9

Sixteen pages of this issue would be needed to list each item in this rich collection. Boxes one and two contain correspondence, mostly autograph letters signed (A. L. S.) to Mrs. Dorr. The most famous of over two hundred correspondents are Emerson, Whittier, Cable, Longfellow and Howells. The vast majority of the letters deal with transactions with editors, or shop talk with her peers. Most interesting are the letters of encouragement and advice from the "American Hemans," Mrs. Lydia Sigourney, and the letters of complaint to one of her early editors, John Sartain, who had been negligent in not returning rejected material and not paying for accepted articles. Possibly the least important but most unusual letter was prompted by the poem "A Ballad of Major Anderson-December 26, 1910," written early in the Civil War as a narration by a survivor to his grandchildren in 1910. It is about the intrepid commander of the defenses of Charleston harbor, Major Robert Anderson, and how, on December 26, 1860, his troops occupied the strongest of the forts, Sumter, and withstood the Confederate besiegers until April of 1861. An admirer of Mrs. Dorr vowed, when she read the poem in 1861, to write the author fifty years later. She did and the letter, dated December 26, 1910, is in box two!

Boxes three and four contain manuscripts and galley proofs of two novels and many magazine articles. Scrapbooks holding clippings of reviews and accounts of public appearances fill box five. The Vermont writer, John G. Saxe, reviewed JCRD's first book and, having known Mrs. Dorr, scooped all other

reviewers in divulging the identity of Caroline Thomas. Box six holds, among its dozens of treasures, pages of two serialized novels—*Eaglescliffe* and *Rachel Dilloway's Son*—both published in T. S. Arthur's magazine during 1875. Arthur is probably best known for his temperance work *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*. A poem "The Old Clock," is found in the *Columbian Magazine* for May, 1848 with the author listed as Mrs. S. M. Dorr. This is quite likely her first appearance in print, antedating the Sartain's Union Magazine printing by some three years.

2. PERKINS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

A. *The William Young Ripley Papers*

Contents are described on ten library cards and comprise 415 items plus four volumes. Letters and papers concern W. Y. Ripley, his sons and daughters, including JCRD.

B. *The Paul Hamilton Hayne Papers*

Of interest are thirteen letters by JCRD to the South Carolina poet and editor, Paul H. Hayne, or his wife, from 1878 to 1885. Also six letters by various writers referring to JCRD. The Rutland Historical Society has photostats of this correspondence and Duke University has transcripts of the Dorr Collection in the Abernethy Library at Middlebury College.

3. SPECIAL COLLECTIONS—GUY W. BAILEY LIBRARY

The University of Vermont, Burlington

A small collection of six social letters to various friends and manuscripts of several poems.

4. THE LIBRARY AT ROKEBY

THE ROWLAND E. ROBINSON HOMESTEAD

The letters of Julia Dorr to the creator of Sam Lovel are listed at the end of Paul A. Eschholz' article. The Abernethy Library holds in box two the letters of Robinson to JCRD.

5. In addition, many libraries are known to hold one or more social letters, including Green Mountain College, the Vermont State Library, Vermont Historical Society. Descendents of Mrs. Dorr also possess correspondence, notably James Bryan Dorr and Robert Gilmore Steele.



Betty Bandel, of the English Department at the University of Vermont, is compiler of the recent Tuttle anthology *Walk Into My Parlor*. Her interest in early Vermont psalmists resulted in *Vermont Harmony*, a recording of works by Rutland's Uri Hill and others.

Paul A. Eschholz of the English faculty at the University of Vermont, is a student of Rowland E. Robinson and is editing a long-awaited reprint of Robinson's *Vermont* to be published by Tuttle.

Ellen Rose is on the faculty of Dartmouth College as Assistant Professor of English. Her areas of particular interest are modern and contemporary fiction. Her dissertation (University of Massachusetts) was on "An application of the Ego-Psychology of Erik Erikson to Doris Lessing's *Children of Violence*."

Book Review

The Literature of Vermont; A Sampler. Arthur W. Biddle and Paul A. Eschholz, Editors. Hanover: University Press of New England 1973. xiv, 376pp. Paperback \$5.00, cloth \$10.00.

Compiling an anthology is one job this reviewer wouldn't dare tackle on a bet. So many decisions must be made: who should be included and, more importantly, who should be excluded. With the book in hand, the decisions—and responsibilities—have been shared.

I cannot assign responsibility for omitting Rutland's most competent unknown writer, Thomas Emerson Ripley, whose chief claim to fame is *A Vermont Boyhood*. The Ripley family is represented, as we felt it had to be, by Thomas' aunt, the half-sister of his father W. Y. W. Ripley. This is, of course, none other than JCRD among whose prodigious output is the poem "Moon-Pictures" about which Ellen Rose writes in these pages with uncanny perception. We complain bitterly, however, at the inclusion of "The Armorer's Errand-A Ballad of 1775," not because we think it is not representative of Mrs. Dorr's best, but because we had planned on reprinting it in next summer's issue as part of our Bicentennial observance. It will bear repeating.

F. P. Elwert

*JCRD at the wedding reception June 23, 1909
of Agnes Ripley Pease Jackson*



Brehmer photo,
the gift of Ellen A. Stevenson.

Julia Dorr — Private or General?

As Dr. Bandel points out in these pages, JCRD was very popular indeed one hundred years ago. At present she is in eclipse. According to Robert Buckeye, curator of the Abernethy Library, Chekhov remarked in his *Letters* that, in the army of literature not everyone can be a general; some must be privates. Is there any question that in the army of Green Mountain writers Julia Dorr rates at least three stars?

In *WYR—A Book of Remembrance*, Julia Dorr describes the packing of her trunk when, as a child of five, she left New York City to return with her father, William Young Ripley, to Middlebury. "Into this receptacle went also a great quantity of 'roses' I had 'pieced' for a bed-quilt—hexagons about the size of a half dollar, sewed 'overhand'. There were enough for a whole quilt, but they were never put together. Verily, little girls were not allowed to be idle in those days."

Nor are girls idle these days either. The charming "Old Time Stitchery" exhibit at the Museum, May 25 to June 30, was entirely the work of dedicated women of the Society. Working with co-ordinator Dorothy Covalt were Barbara Chiolino, Molly Pierce King, Vera Egelston, Frances Hollander, Louise Adams, Eleanor Douglas, Beryl Todd, Dorothy Bruce, Doris Dolt and Hazel Cady.

NOTE: Dr. James J. Cullina, the editor of this issue, will be taking a post-doctoral course at the Harvard School of Education by the time this reaches our readers. He will return later this summer, hopefully, with a teaching contract in his pocket. (F.P.E.)



Two Rutland writers of adolescent pulps:

We are asked to accept donations of crisp copies of books written by Beth Bradford Gilchrist (1879-1957), among whose books are *The Life of Mary Lyon* (1910); the *Helen* series, 4 v. (1912-15); *Trails End* (1925). Under pen name of John Prescott Earl she wrote a series of boys' prep-school stories.

Edith Kellogg Dunton (1875-19??) under pen name of Margaret Warde wrote the eight volumes in the Betty Wales series (1904-10) and the *Nancy Lee* series, 4 v. (1912-18).



Brock House

Rachael Charland is compiling a history of the Brock House, an old-time Rutland landmark. Anyone with information, pictures, guest registers, etc. should contact her at 76 South Main Street.

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